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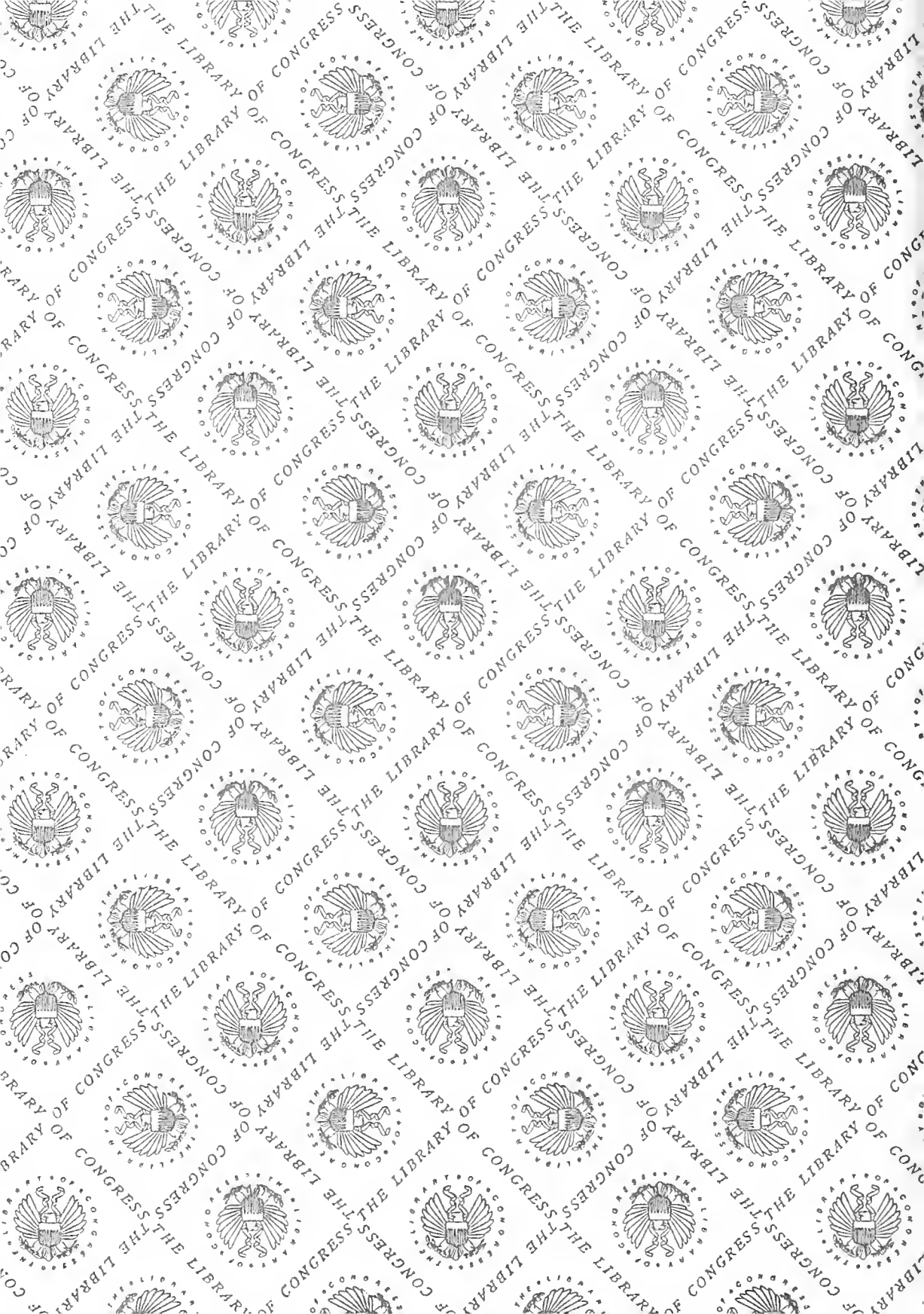
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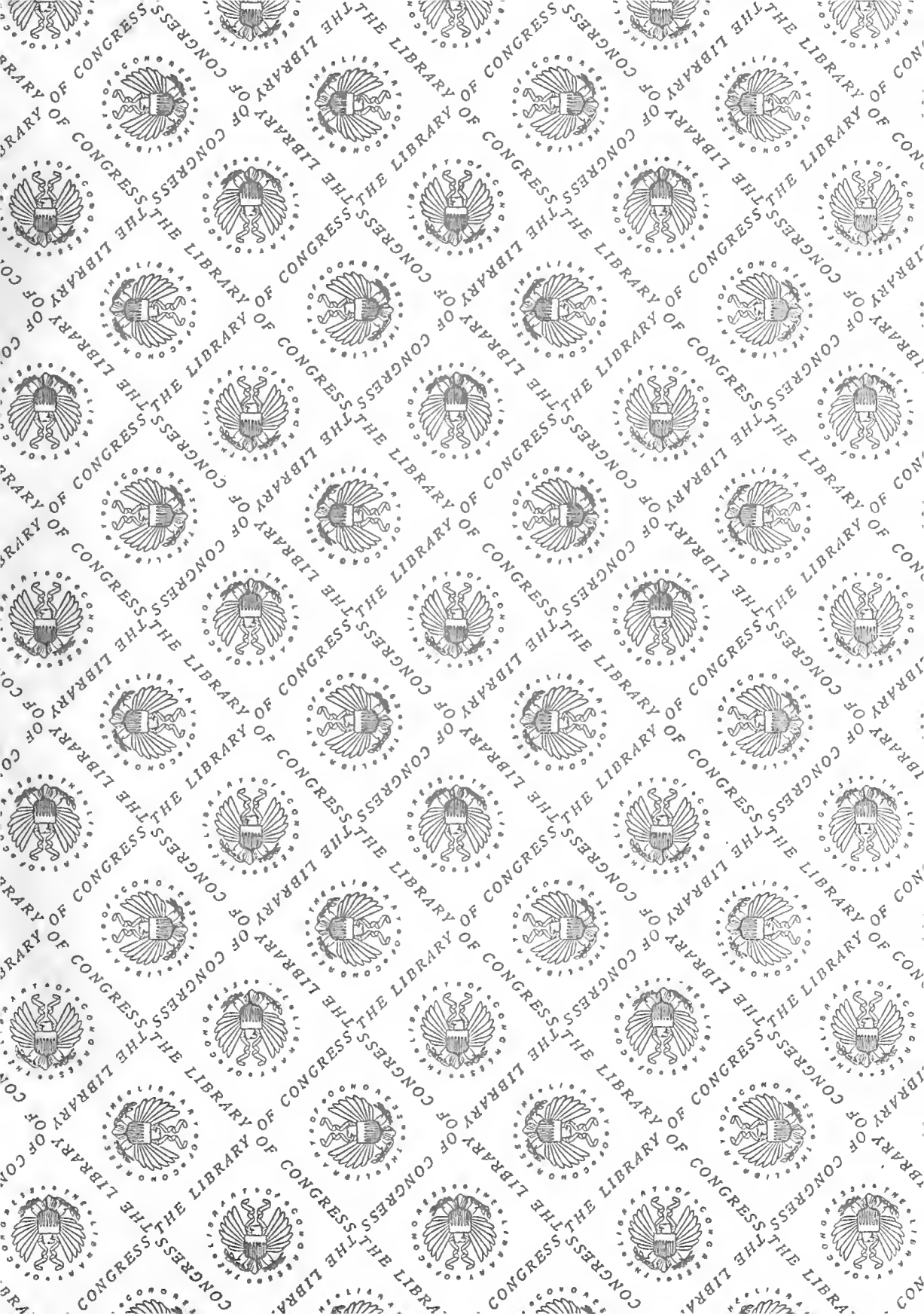
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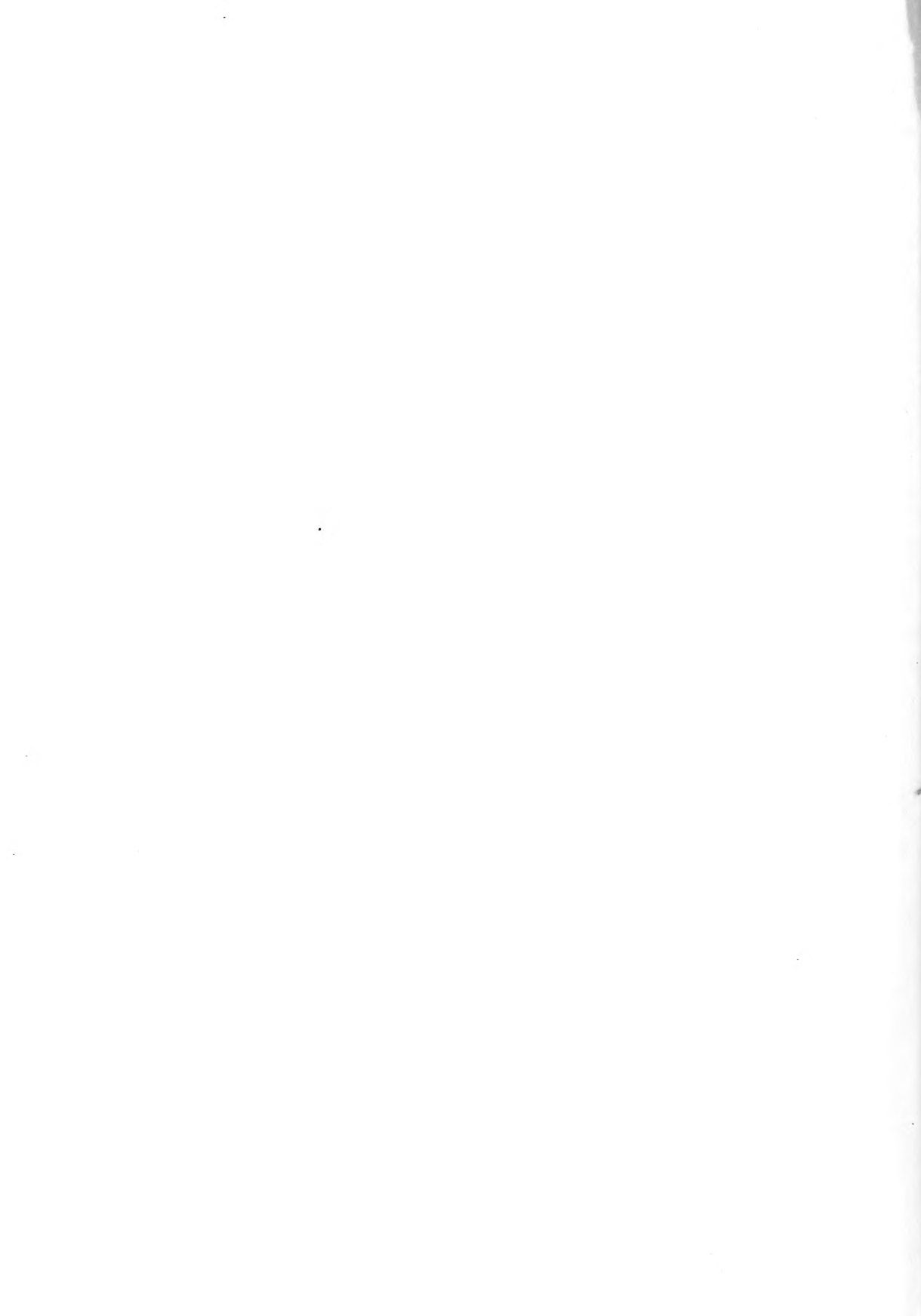


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Riley Roses





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Howard Chandler Christy, 1909.

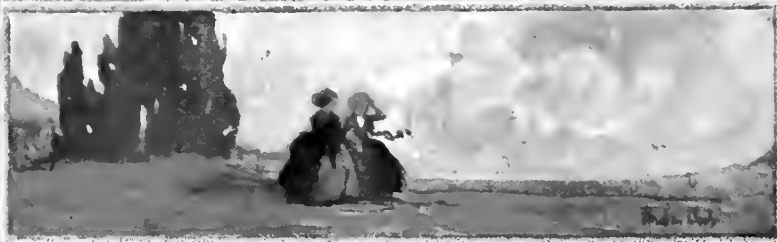
Riley Roses

By James Whitcomb Riley

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

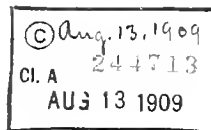
Decorations by Franklin Booth

Indianapolis
The Bobbs-Merrill Company
Publishers



Copyright, 1909
James Whitcomb Riley

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The world is full of roses,
And the roses
full of dew,
And the dew is full
of heavenly love,
That drips for me and you.





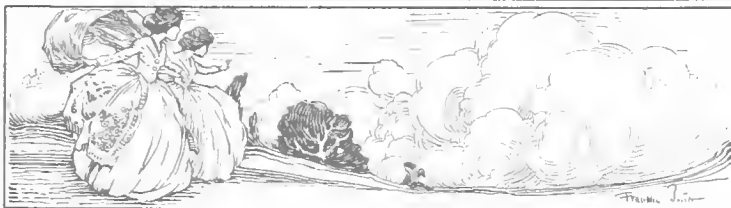
Contents

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A Discouraging Model

Just the airiest,
 fairiest slip of a thing,
With a Gainsborough hat,
 like a butterfly's wing.
Tilted up at one side
 with the jauntiest air,
And a knot of red roses
 sown in under there
Where the shadows are
 lost in her hair.





A Discouraging Model

With a Gainsborough hat
Tilted up on one side with
the jauntiest air



James Chubb, Christy 1899

A Discouraging Model

Then a cameo face,
carven in on a ground

Of that shadowy hair where
the roses are wound;

And the gleam of a smile
O as fair and as faint

And as sweet as the
masters of old used to paint

Round the lips of
their favourite saint!





A Discouraging Model

And that lace at
her throat—and the
fluttering hands

Snowing there,
with a grace that
no art understands



A Discouraging Model

The flakes of their
touches — first
fluttering at

The bow — then
the roses — the hair
— and then that

Little tilt of the
Gainsborough hat.



A Discouraging Model

O what artist on earth,
with a model like this,
Holding not on his palette
the tint of a kiss,
Nor the pigment to hint
of the hue of her hair,
Nor the gold of her smile—
O what artist could dare
To expect a result
half so fair?





A Discouraging Model

O what artist could dare
To expect a result half so fair



Charles Christian

Old-fashioned Roses

They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sorto' pale and faded,
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the morning-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
fer their good old-fashion' sakes.
I like 'em cause they kindo'-
Sorto' make a feller like 'em!





Old-Fashioned Roses

It allus sets me thinkin'

O' the ones 'at used to grow

And peek in thro' the chinkin'

O' the cabin, don't you know



Edward Doudart d'Audoubert, 1908



Old-fashioned Roses

And I tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin
strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know!

And then I think o' mother,
And how she ust to love 'em—
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less she found 'em up above 'em!





Old-Fashioned Roses

I'm happier in these posies
And the hollyhaws and sich
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses
In the roses of the rich



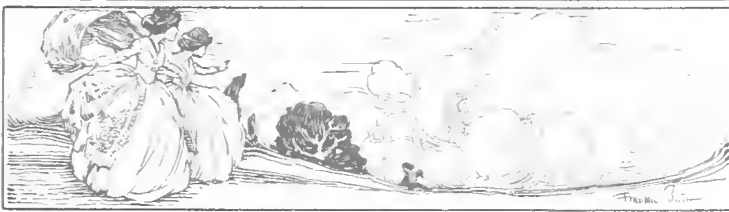
Edward M. Bradley & Co. N.Y. 1915

Old-fashioned Roses

And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said
We must pick a bunch and putt 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy er displayin',

But I wouldn't be without 'em,—
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,
And the hollyhaws and sích,
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses
In the roses of the rich.



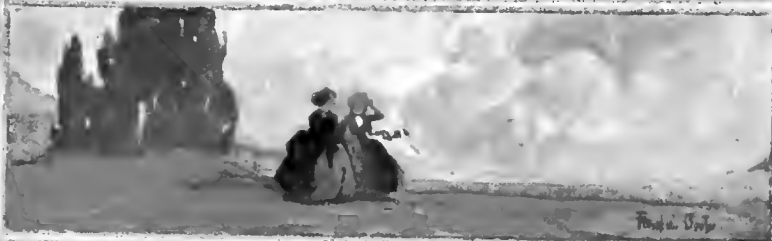
The Rose

It tossed its head at
the wooing breeze;
And the sun, like
a bashful swain,
Beamed on it through
the waving trees
With a passion
all in vain,—
for my rose laughed
in a crimson glee,
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.



The Rose

The honey-bee came
there to sing
His love through
the languid hours,
And vaunt of his hives,
as a proud old king
Might boast of
his palace-towers:
But my rose bowed
in a mockery,
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.



The Rose

The humming-bird,
like a courtier gay,
Dipped down with
a dalliant song,
And twanged his wings
through the roundelay
Of love the
whole day long:
Yet my rose turned
from his minstrelsy
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.





The Rose

The bloom of a fadeless
constancy

That hides in the leaves in
wait for me



The Rose

The firefly came in
the twilight dim

My red, red
rose to woo—

Till quenched was the
flame of love in him

And the light of
his lantern too,

As my rose wept
with dewdrops three

And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.



The Rose

And I said: I will cull
my own sweet rose—

Some day I will
claim as mine

The priceless worth of
the flower that knows

No change, but
a bloom divine—

The bloom of a
fadeless constancy

That hides in the leaves
in wait for me!





The Rose

I dream today o'er a purple stain
Of bloom on a withered stalk
Belted down by the autumn rain
In the dust of the garden walk



The Rose

But time passed by
in a strange disguise,
And I marked it
not, but lay
In a lazy dream,
with drowsy eyes,
Till the summer
slipped away,
And a chill wind sang
in a minor key:
“Where is the rose
that waits for thee?”



The Rose

I dream to-day, o'er
a purple stain
Of bloom on
a withered stalk,
Pelted down by
the autumn rain
In the dust of
the garden-walk,
That an Angel-rose in
the world to be
Will hide in the leaves
in wait for me.





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